

194 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE*
TEIPSUM ! [tA

Then these defects in Senses organs be.
Not m[^]the Soul, >or in her working might!
She cannot lose her perfect Power to
See ! Though" mists and clouds do choke
her window light.

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the Agent, but the Instrument;
We must not blame APOLLO, but his Lute,
If false accords from her false strings be
sent,

The Soul, in all, hath one intelligence!'
Though too,much moisture in an infant's
brain, And too much dryness in an old
man's sense Cannot the prints [^]of
outward things retain.

Then doth the Soul want work, and
idle sit: And this we Childishness
and Dotage call! Yet hath She
then a quick and active Wit, If
She had stuff and tools to work
withal.

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair!
Give but the aged man, the j[^]oung
man's sense!
Let but MEDEA, [^]ESON'S youth repair!
And straight She shews her wonted
excellence.

As a good harper, stricken far in years,
Into whose cunning hands, the
gout is fall: All his old crotchets,
in his brain he bears, But on his
harp, plays ill, or not at all!

But if APOLLO take his gout away,
That he, his nimble fingers may apply;
APOLLO'S self will envy at his play !
And all the world applaud his
minstrelsy!

Then Dotage is no .Weakness of the Mind,
But of the Sense; for if the Mind did
waste *i* In *all* old men, we should this
wasting find, When they some certain
term of years had past!